"Will you trust me, Katie dear,— Walk beside me without fear? May I carry, if I will, All your burdens up the hill?" And she answered, with a laugh, "No; but you may carry half." Close beside the little brook, Bending like a shepherd's crool Working with its silver hands Late and early at the sands, Stands a cottage where to day In the porch she sits, and lo! Swings a basket to and fro. Vastly different from the one That she swung in years agone— Thus is long, and deep, and wide, And has rockers at the side.

LOVE AND AGE.

I played with you 'mid cowslips growing,
When I was six and you were four;
When garlands weaving, flower-balls throwing,
Were pleasures soon to please no more.
Thro 'groves and meads, o'er grass and heather,
With little playmates, to and fro,
We wandered hand in hand together;
But that was sixty years ago.

You grew a lovely, roseate maiden,
And still our early love was strong;
Still with no care our days were laden,
They glided joyously along;
And I did love you very dearly
How dearly, words want power to show;
I thought your heart was touched as nearly;
But that was fifty years ago. Then other lovers came around you,
Your beauty grew from year to year,
And many a spendid circle found you.
The centre of its glittering sphere.
I saw you then, first yows forsaking,
On rank and wealth your hand bestow;
O, then I thought my heart was breaking;
But that was forty years ago.

And I lived on to wed another;

No cause on to wed another;
No cause she gave me to repine;
And when I heard you were a mother,
I'did not wish the children mine.
My own young flock, in fair progression,
Made up a pleasant Christmas row;
My joy in them was past expression;
But that was thirty years ago.

You grew a matron, plump and comely,
You dwelt in fashion's brightest blaze;
My carthly lot was far more homely,
But I, too, had my festal days.
No merrier eyes have ever gristened
Around the hearth-stone's wintry glow,
Than when my youngest child was christe
But that was twenty years ago. Time passed. My cidest girl was married, And now I am a grandstre gray:

One pet of four years old I've carried Among the wild-flowered mends to play. In our old fields of childish pleasure. Where now, as then, the cow-lips blow, She fills her basket's ample measure— And this is not ten years ago. But though first love's impassioned blindness. Has passed away in colder night. I still have thought of you with kindness, And shall do till our last good-night.

The ever rolling silent hours
Will bring a time we shall not know,
When our young days of gathering flowers
Will be an hundred years ago.

MISCELLANEOUS.

I have in my possession a white (nearly true bred) Angora tom eat, about four or five years old, which being a great pet is in the habit of sleeping in my bedroom, and is let out every morning as soon as the servants are up, about seven o'clock.

In the heart of a man who is dead!"

I started with amazement at so singular a reply; but the doctor sat there beside me, calm and perfectly cool, looking with a grave face toward the dim spires on the horizon.

"I said the heart," he resumed "in the heart," he resumed "in the heart of a man who is dead!"

I started with amazement at so singular a reply; but the doctor sat there beside me, calm and perfectly cool, looking with a grave face toward the dim spires on the horizon. servants are up, about seven o'clock. One der to strike your attention, without hav-morning, some three weeks ago, having ing to explain things at tedious length. sleepy, and did not hear the servants or the cat scratching, as he usually did, at the you would not have understood me. Let door. There is a belirope at the bed-head, me now remark that the pleura proper near the door. The cat, finding his scratching of no use, must have stood up on his lines the interior surface of the ribs, and hind legs (for the rope is some distance from the ground) and caught at this. At all events he pulled the bell with such a clash that I heard it; the maid of course we term life. This article was in the

This was probably accidental, but the morning since, and on more than one occaas he has to stretch up at full length (I watched him without his being aware;) he then gets the tassel between his paws and lets himself down with all his weight and generally clashes the bell so that it is heard over the house .- Land and Water.

A Long Lost Letter.

A LETTER was written from Darien Center, N. Y., by Alonzo F. Astabrook, dated 1836, to Joel Amsden, of Chicago, inclosing \$12, consisting of a \$10 note of the old bank of Rochester, then as good as gold, and a \$2 note on the bank of Windsor, Va., equally as good, with the request that Mr. Amsden would hand the

In the days of Puritan grandmothers no girl was considered fit to receive proposals of marriage until she could make a good hemlock broom; but in these later times many a young lady not only offers herself in the matrimonial market, but absolutely gets married, and undertakes to manage her house, without knowing how to use a broom that some one else has made. We have seen a broom used so unskillfully that one would think the person engaged in using it was endeavoring to engaged in using it was endeavoring to

It requires some science, or at least skill, to use a broom well. To do this skillfully, the handle should incline forward and not the handle should incline forward and not back. If the top of the broom inclines for ward beyond the part next the floor, it will prevent much of the dust from rising into the air, and will carry it along by a mingle with the world; but he, thencegentle sliding motion toward the place where it is to be disposed of. If, on the other hand, the handle of the broom insect to the broom insect to the handle of the broom insect to smile.

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By Alfred S. Horsley.

COLUMBIA, TENNESSEE, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1869.

VOL. XV.-NO. 10.

TOLD FOR TRUTH.

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WHAT A HEART MAY CONTAIN.

Sound science has scouted at the idea of the sentimental phrase, "a broken heart," having any literal signification. Yet some authorities have affirmed that such an accident as a real rupture of one of the ventricles of the heart in man, and even in the lower animals, may occur under the strain of very sudden or intense emotion, or in consequence of too extreme physical effort, as in leaping, running, climbing, or in lifting heavy weights.

The doctor at once went to work, and quickly succeeded in opening the little cylindrical sheath. Two things fell out of it—a little pinch of whitish dust, and a battered ring. The latter was plainly of pure gold. The electric heat had not reached it directly, but it had softened.

The ring, the whitish dust, the mystery, were there, palpable and visible before us. tion, or in consequence of too extreme physical effort, as in leaping, running, climbing, or in lifting heavy weights.

The writer who records the following remarkable facts will not undertake either to discuss or to repair broken hearts, in this place, but will leave the appreciation

of his narrative to those who are familiar

with the marvels of science. I have a queer sanctum and a quiet one among the rocks that overlook the wildest cliffs above Weehawken, and it is haunted quaint experiences, varied and often sad adventures; but they are pleasant companions after all, not warped and soured by the merited or unmerited buffetings of the world, but only quieted and humbled by what they have learned and seen. Their only sarcasm is for the arrogance, assumption, and the little apish affectations which wealth, position, or the spirit of coterie, sometimes brings out, like a rash, upon the moral surface of weak people.

All these friends are scientific students

The doctor glanced at me with a mocking look of surprise.

"You are a jeweller, are you?" he said.

"Perhaps," was my reply, "but why may not these letters mean some register, some memento? There is a date, and nothing agrees better with the idea."

At the same moment, my gaze fell upon some blank-books and documents belonging to the deceased, which the doctor had brought with him, and had mentioned to me when he first came that evening. He had laid them down upon the open

of them distinguished as professors and practitioners. Life is too solemn and intricate a mystery for them to triffe with it, and death too close at hand, too easily invoked, too sudden in its coming, to be forgotten even during their gayest hours. Only the uninformed or the thoughtless make light of either life or death, or any make light of either life or death, or any finger. Should I die before you do, take of those inexplicable things that are over of those inexplicable things that are over, under, and around us, continually and remainder of your life." clothed with the flesh or with the spirit

A rainy evening in June of the present year, after a sultry day, mists and shadows resting over the Hudson and the green heights beyond, while far to the right, on the lowland stretching seaward, and fading into the veil of distance, lay the great city, like a jagged cloud dotted with specks of light. The birds were silent; the house was still; the gloaming sombre; and the probably will ever tell. At all events, it was with this strange missile that he had was still; the gloaming sombre; and the very fire-flies seemed languid in the occasional flashes they threw out, like signals among the dripping leaves that hung be-yond the edge of the high-perched, covered This is a peculiar story, but ing of strange things confidingly, in un- ard has, in the lapse of time and the mul-

tiplicity of cases, produced some similar My companion, whom I shall make free to call the "Doctor," slipped his thumb and forefinger into his waistcoat-pocket, and drew something from it which he showed to me. It was a sort of a sheath, about two inches in length, half an inch in dismeter, and of a steely-gray color. "Examine that," he said. I took the article and looked at it, sur-

ising, from its appearance, that it was of "Where did you get that?" I asked.

In science, however, the expression is a heresy. But had I at once said the pleura,

This explanation had hopelessly dark curious thing is he has rung the bell every ened the whole affair for me. How could so large an object introduce itself into the heart? How could it be there for a moment without causing the most terrible above all, what was it?

The doctor continued: "This deceased friend of mine was forty years of age. We had gone through college together. Fifteen years ago, he fell desperately, sincerely, in love with a young girl. Both were free, but his whole family bitterly opposed the idea of his marrying a lady whose pedigree they asserted was stained with crime, and the condition of affairs surrounding him was such that he had to defer to their oninion.

oney to Mr. E. S. Brooks. The letter "But the poor girl was consumptive, as sent to Alderman Mason's hotel, and her chagrin at the indignity put upon placed in the delivery box, and, after remaining some time without being called for, got among Mr. Mason's private papers, and was laid away and forgotten. Recently, upon examining the effects of Mr. Matter was also as the letter was such as to hasten the progress of her malady. In a few months, she died, leaving him utterly desolate. Still, he did not letter was also as a paralyzing a sorrow weep. Alas, the fountains of his tears son, long since deceased, the letter was found and sent to Mr. Amsden, who immediately went and handed the money to Mr. Brooks, as he was requested to do three and thirty years gone by. Mr. Astabrook, in this letter, congratulates his correspondent on the election of Van Burnen to the Presidents were inaugurated before the letter reached its destined recipient.

To Sweep Floors.

Weep. Alas, the fountains of his tears were sealed by so paralyzing a sorrow. He watched by the dead; assisted with quiet dignity at her burial; and then, turning away from her grave with a face ghastly yet stern, was seen no more in his accustomed haunts for several days. Some said that he had gone upon a long journey. But, about a week afterward, he was found lying in a remote part of a wood, some thirty miles from —, with a discharged pistol on the grass beside him. He had fired a ball, as every one believed, into his heart. Yet there were signs of life about him, and he was brought to the nearest town, where I chanced to be at the country-house of an old patient. The local physician and surgeon happened to

tenus a favorite brother. He was restored to consciousness, but it was impossible to extract the bullet. A pleurisy set in with the worst symptoms; but I saved him.

"His first question was, whether I had removed the bullet. I could but acknowledge that to do so was beyond my power."

The Art of View.

EDITORITATIONS.

by queer people. They all live and move before you every day, good reader, but their names are, probably, not on the list of your fashionable acquaintances. They are men and women of peculiar studies, quaint experiences, varied and often sad

The doctor glanced at me with a mock-

All these friends are scientific students and thinkers; most of them polyglot in languages and learned specialties; many experiment with the platinum-case.

who thus bore a love-token, literally next his heart, for thirteen years, glance at the medallion on the broken marble pillar that counts as the third from the gateway on the lefthand side as you pass up the willow walk in the —— Cemetery. The device rep-resents a heart, on which is carved a lady's finger bearing a ring, and the inscript as we have previously given it:
"Remember. J. L. February 28th, 1854."

-Appletons' Journal. Boys' Rights-By a Boy.

TALK about the women and the darkies and the-the-all the rest of 'em; none of em all are half so badly used as boys are. I know a lot, and I can give you all their names. Ask 'em all. They'll tell you to be a boy is to be somebody without a right

:You're to take all the sass that's given to you, and give none back, 'cause you're and omnibuses, 'cause you's a boy and not a child; and never have a seat, 'cause you're a boy and not a man. Fat lady gets in after it's all full, and looks about her; in after it's all full, and looks about her; everybody looks at you. Old gentleman says: "My son," reprovingly. Conductor says, "Come, now, you boy." You've paid your sixpence. No matter—that is nothing. You've been on your legs with bundles all day. Who cares?—you're a boy. Now a horse has such a load given to him as he can carry, and a man won't any more than he can walk under. Ask any more than he can walk under. Ask boys what grown folks think they can carry. There's not limit to it. Who doesen't know a boy who does man's work, and does it well for a tenth of what man would get for it. Who hasn't read an advertisement for a boy who "writes a good hand, understands accounts, is willing to make himself useful; boards with his parents; is trustworthy; no ob-

jection to sitting up all night; no impudence about him. The best recommenda-Ask boys whether old folks don't make as much fuss about such places, as if they were doing you a favor that would set you

Who wants a boy anywhere? Your sisters don't in the parlor. Your father don't; he always asks if you are not

THE following maxims or rules of action might, if stricely observed, go far to in-crease the happiness, or, at least, to diminish the inquietudes and miseries of

Observe inviolably truth in your words

when, it is he larger that of a bidy street of a bidy str perform to win the notice of his lovely aristocratic mansion. Borrowing a suit for the occasion, and neatly gloved and booted, he proceeded to the residence of

the lady, and rang the bell. The damsel, annoyed, and forewarned, had given directions, if he ever appeared, to thrust him from the door, which, it is said, was done rudely, and with cruel contumely.

Poor McDonald Clarke now sleep Poor McDonald Clarke now sleeps in a sweet and romantic spot, close by "Sylvan Water," in the beautiful cemetery of Greenwood; and his fine face, carved in bass-relief on his monument, makes love to the Indian Princess who reposes by his side. On another side of his tomb are fitly inscribed these lines, written by

"For what are earthly honors now?
He never deemed them worth his care,
And death hath set upon his brow
The wreath he was too proud too wear."
—Appleton's Journal. A Young Couple Walk Twenty-Eight Miles to get Married.

AT a late hour on Saturday evening, a young couple arrived here from Lebanon, ll., having traveled the whole distance on foot. They went immediately to Justice Jecko's office, but found it closed. They then engaged separaterooms at Barnum's, and waited rather impatiently for the dawning of Sunday morning.

The name of the young man was John Charles Tiedeman, and that of the lady, Miss Pauline Betzler. The story of their adventures is somewhat romantic. Tiedemen is a German, and has been raised from beyhood by the father of Pauline, who es-teemed him very highly. Although reared togother, the young couple only recently discovered that they were desperately in love with each other. The old man wished to unite his young and beautiful daughter to a man of wealth living near Lebanon, and then it was that the seal of the blind and then it was that the seal of the blind god was broken, and the young people discovered that they could not live apart. Tiedeman, after worrying his brain for many nights and days in endeavoring to extricate himself from the meshes of tove, concluded at last to go boldly before the old man and demand his daughter for a wife. Mr. Betzler would not listen to anything of the kind, but indignantly refused to give the girl to her lover. John fused to give the girl to her lover. John Charles was not dismayed by this refusal. he had heard of cruel parents and loving daughters, and knew that he could rely upon Pauline in any emergency. Finding that the consent of the old man could not be obtained, the lovers determined to work

out their own destiny without it. On Saturday morning when Mr. Betzler awoke, he was astonished at the disappearance of Pauline, and John Charles. He waited and waited, but they did not show themselves, and he concluded they had eloped. He started for St. Louis, but in a large a city it was difficult to find two peo-ple who were disposed to hide from him. He waited until the next morning, when he annihilate John Charles at first sight. He took a walk in the Lafayette park on Sun-day morning, and the beauty of the place somewhat molified his feelings and softened his heart. In promenading around the park, who should he meet but Pauline and John Charles sauntering arm in arm to Lebanon in high glee.—St. Louis Demo-

The black slimy sides of the ditch over-hung the water, which lay deep and still some six or seven feet below, and a few yards to the right connected with a large pool, having equally high and muddy banks. To the left was a labyrinth of simpanks. To the left was a mayrinth of similar ditches. Some distance in front, a broader and straighter crack in the flat expanse showed where the river lay. The bank on which I stood was a foot or two higher than the opposite bank. I describe the situation thus minutely in order to make the reader understand what afterwards happened.

Not liking to lose the prize so nearly in

my grasp, I resolved to risk the jump. Laying down the gun, and taking my coat off, I made the effort, and cleared size ditch, only, however, by a few inches. I secured the heron, and smoothing its beautiful plumage, but little injured by the shot, it across to the bank from which I are secured the bank from which I with some it is pure longing—sitting in a state of quiescent enjoyment of sunshine and nature. Wordsworth calls it and nature. I found myself in a sort of culde sac. The abit of firm ground on which I stood was an island, and the only way of escape was the one by which I had arrived. Having to "take-off" from a lower level, it was much harder to get back than it had been vainly clutching at the mud, I fell backwards with a heavy splash into the water.
Fortunately, I am a good swimmer, and at first, while treading water, the ludicrousness of the affair alone struck me; but when I began to see that it might be difficult to get up those slimy, overhanging banks, I must confess I felt rather fright ened. It was impossible to get out at the spot where I had fallen in. I swam far-ther up the ditch, and trying to bottom it, that gave no support, but was ten times more dangerous than the water. The water became shallower as I struggled on, but the muddy bottom refused to give me a standing place, and the banks afforded no hold for my hands. It at last became so shallow that I had to turn on my back to avoid kicking the mode as I was and to avoid kicking the mud as I swam, and when in this position, I could push my arms into it with almost as much ease as

I could push them through the water; but to draw them out again was far from With horrid fear of being unable to extricate myself from the mud, and of a slow suffocation, I made a sudden dash back into the deep water, and tried the other ditches, only to be repulsed in the same manner. I swam round and round the pool, seeking for an outlet, and beginning to feel my boots and clothes very heavy. Even now I involuntarily smiled at the comparison which suddenly occurred to me between myself in this plight and a mouse swimming round a bucket of water; but the thought that I, too, like it, might be swimming for my life soon drove all ludicrous thoughts out of my head.

Matters now began to look very serious, when I saw a root or branch of some long

buried tree projecting out of the bank. I caught hold of it; but it was not strong enough to enable me to lift myself out of the water. All that I could do was to support myself with my hands just sufficiently to keep my head above the surface. I took this opportunity of kicking off my

and engaged in low and carness conversed to the padmiring the handsome couple, and thinking they were well suited to each other, in stead of blowing out John Charles' brains, he spoke to him kindly, and in a few minutes the quarrel was made up, and the old man agreed to the marriage. They went to before justice Jecko, and in a few minutes the ceremony was over. The justice was so much pleased with the handsome young bride, that for the first time in the course of his official existence he bestowed a kiss upon her blushing cheek, which 'blushed still deeper at the conclusion. The old still deeper at the conclusion that the control state of the monther and sisters I had left in the control was a saturday afternoon?—And where do you gat a Saturday afternoon?—And where do you play? Where, oo of them.

When, O busy friend! Mehen. Wall-street chase, when do you gat a Saturday afternoon?—And where do you play? Where, po

Saturday Afternoon.

BY HARRIET BEECHER STOWE It is our opinion that every human being needs to have some one thing in which he takes pleasure for itself alone—not as work, not as duty, but as diversion.

In old times, when children were strictly schooled and ruled, Saturday afternoon was the children's perquisite—their little peculium. Then they did what they pleased At all other times they did as

Grown children need something corresponding to this. They need time when pless they let off the strain of the dreadful MUST -something which they can do or leave undone at pleasure, but which they do for

"The harvest of a quiet eye." and sings verses in praise of it eloquent as

the murmur of brooks. Poets, imaginative men, and sensitive people of all kind, are given to silent, brooding wanderings, lying under trees, gazing listlessly into the sky, and letting nature rock them as in a cradle. to come; but as there was no alternative, it had to be tried. I did not leap quite far enough, and pitched with hands and knees not mine a person goes out into nature notither a gainst the edge. There was no vegetation to catch hold of, and after hanging on the balance for a few moments, vainly clutching at the mud. I fell back.

showery green regions of the English lakes. Hawthornelwas a follower of Wordsworth in spirit. His prose is essentially poetry, and it is the poetic character of his short pieces that gives the never-dying charm to them, and will make them immortal as far as the English language is immortal. Dr. Holmes has, in "Elsie Venner," pas sages which show that even his subtle, mercurial temperament had felt the charm nercurial temperament had felt the charm circles, it is evident, from some of his writings, that he has been for many hours of his life a hushed and silent listener and

pupil, a passive receiver and believer of Wordsworth's doctrine: "Nor less I deem that there are powers
Which of themselves our minds impress,
That we can feed this mind of ours
In a wise passiveness.
Think you in all this mighty sum
Of things forever speaking,
That nothing of itself will come,
But we must still be seeking?"

The resting-grounds of minds, however, ust be various; but we think men and

gan to dawn upon me that I might never again see the mother and sisters I had left again see the mother and sisters I had left as the cottage a mile and a half away. I looked up to the sky, in which the twilight was fast giving place to the monolight, and rever the clouds were merrily driving before the evening breeze; and then I looked at the black and slimy walls which hemmed me in, and felt as though I were about to scream with terror. From I were about to scream with terror. From ye childhood, I have always had a horror of confinement of any kind. I have felt strangely uncomfortable when I have been shown through a prison. This feeling I felt now more strongly than the feel in the cottage a mile and a half away. I looked up to the sky, in which the twilight comfortable when I have been shown through a prison. This feeling I felt now more strongly than the feel of the seed to be sky, in which the twilight was fast giving place to the monolight, and industrious. Both were strictly sober, accomplished his feat.

The movement in favor of woman suffrage has reached a more advanced state to the tender of a complished his feat.

The movement in favor of woman suffrage has reached a more advanced state to the perilous position of the boy, as he clump to a truck beneath the baggage car, blinded, covered, and almost stifled with dust, cannot be easily langined. When the thousand staffed with participus of its motionless where do your own private peculiar pleasure? What is your Sturday afternoon? What they go you do purely for the pleasure? What is your own private peculiar pleasure? Wh

other day by a young lady in New York—the daughter of a millionaire—was a \$70,-000 house, with \$50,000 worth of furni-

pleased. At all other times, they did as the new issue of ten and fifteen cent fractional currency is kept out of circulation. tional currency is kept out of circulation, by people keeping one of each for sam-

THE Charleston Courier says the mortality of the negro population in that city, since the close of the war, as compared

scientist of any kind. There is work in all these, and what he seeks is repose. The glorified patron saint of all loafers, the divine Wordsworth, has settled this matter for all his followers in two stanzas:

"Content if he may but enjoy
The things that others understand."
What splendid loafing was done in all that lake region, as he wandered in a sort of illuminated fog, trailing clouds of glory after him! How cool and fresh and dewy he made the hot, sultry air of English literature, which had become close and swel-

FROM a return recently made by the British and Foreign Bible Society, it ap he made the hot, sultry air of English literature, which had become close and sweltering with Byron brimstone!

No wonder men looked on his poetry as a new evangel, and quoted it with tears in their eyes, for there was in it the very rest and repose which the hot, weary turbulence of modern life made necessary!

Wordsworth was and still is the poet of representations and reserve as needful necessary.

For the last ninety years Christ's

WILD OATS .- A crop that is generally sown between eighteen and twenty-five. The harvest sets in about ten years after, and is commonly found to consist of a broken constitution, two weak legs, a bad

since, an expensively-dressed woman not day what was the matter with those aponly tell a stranger to give up his seat, but, ples.—Buffalo Express. upon his doing so, tender him five cents and loudly insist on his taking it. She said 'she was rich enough to pay for vors from nobody without paying for it."

plows and reaps and digs and sows ac-cording to the best authorities—and the authorities cost more than the other farmfound it was too late and the hay was all

with its success as a commercial enter with that of the whites, has been more than two to one.

WILLIAM TRACEY is the name of an estimable keeper who has recently been dismissed from a Yorkshire insane asylum, because when it was his duty to give a patient a warm bath he deputed the task to two lunatics who boiled the man to death.

With its success as a commercial enterprise. His special weakness is hogs, however. He considers hogs the best game a farm produces. He buys the original pig for a dollar and a half, and feeds him forty dollars worth of corn, and then sells him for about nine dollars. This is the only crop he ever makes money on. He loses on the cern and makes seven dollars and a half on the hog. He does not mind this, here was Michael at the other end of the hall.

"O, ho, Miss Curiosity," shouted he.

the church where he had recently preached.

A short time before Judge Foster's death he went the Oxford circuit in one of the hottest summers that has been remembered, when his charge to the grand jury was as follows: "Gentlemen, the weather is extremely hot, I am very old, and you are very well acquainted with your duty. Practice it."

would be a comfortable success if the robins would eat turnips, but they won't, and hence the difficulty.
One of Mr. Beecher's most harassing difficulties in his farming operations comes of the close resemblance of different sorts of seeds and plants to each other. Two years ago, his far-sightedness warned him that there was going to be a great scarcity of water melons, and therefore he put in a crop of twenty-seven agres of that fruit. a crop of twenty-seven acres of that fruit. But when they came up they turned out to be pumpkins, and a dead loss was the consequence. Sometimes a portion of his crop goes into the ground the most proming sweet potatoes, and comes up the in-fernalist carrots—though I never have their eyes, for there was in it the very rest and repose which the hot, weary turbulence of modern life made necessary!

Wordsworth was and still is the poet of repose and peace, as needful now as when he wrote. He is, to be sure, all essentially English in his details. It is an English landscape, English trees, and English flowers he presents; but the spirit of his poetry applies equally well to the bright skies and rainbow woods of America, as to the showery green regions of the English lakes.

He society's existence having the saty-ave he benditures incurred during the saty-ave have heard him express it just in that way. When he bought his farm, he found one egg in every hen's nest on the place. He said that here was just the reason why so many farmers failed—they scattered their forces too much—concentration was the idea. So he gathered those eggs together and put them all under one experienced old hen. The hen roosted over that constructed during the sative stations and practically but two rectors, Bishop White, who served from 1779 to 1836, and the Rev. Dr. Benjamin Dorr, who died a few days ago. The Rev. John W. James, who succeeded Bishop White and preceded Dr. Dorr, and preceded Dr. Dorr, who died a few days ago. The grain Dorr, who died a few days ago. The forces too much—concentration was the idea. So he gathered those eggs together and put them all under one experienced old hen. The hen roosted over that contrict during the said that here was just the reason why so many farmers failed—they scattered their forces too much—concentration was the idea. So he gathered those eggs together and put them all under one experienced old hen. The hen roosted over that contrict during the said that here was just the reason why so many farmers failed—they scattered their forces too much—concentration was the idea. So he gathered those eggs together and preceded Dr. Dorr, and pre der the anxious personal supervision of Mr. Beecher himself, but she could not 'phase' those eggs. Why? Because they were those infamous porcelain things

and is commonly found to consist of a broken constitution, two weak legs, a bad cough, and a large trunk filled with vials and patent medicines. We can hardly say that the yield pays for the time and labor expended in the cultivation.

The Cleveland Herald says: "We saw in a street car in this city, a few days since an expensively dressed woman not since a proper size and the same were been able to understand to this

Terrible Railroad Ride.

rors from nobody without paying for it."

The lightning express train, Conductor Holm, on the Lake Shore and Michigan In England, recently, the pedestrian, Southern Road, left Toledo on time, Mon-Mountjoy, who is over 60 years of age, day evening, with a little colored boy on undertook to travel 150 miles by foot in board who ode to Norwalk under circumundertook to travel 150 miles by foot in three days. He started from the Belle-Vue Hotel, Clapham-common. On the first day he traveled 50 miles in 13 hours and 40 minutes; on the second he occupied 14 hours in the 50 miles' journey; and on the third he finished the 150 miles, and performed 50 miles in thirteen hours, and at 7 o'clock he came to the winning goal and accomplished his feat.

TOUTHS DEPART

A SERMON FOR YOUNG TOLK They cannot be found thus, I know you are fall a digging for treasures. Unless with the spade and the her

The bee has to work for the honey.
The drone has no right to the food
And he who has not earned his mone
Will get of his money no good.

The ant builds her house with her la The squirrel looks out for his man And he who depends on his neighbour Will never have friends, first or la

In short, 'tis no better than thieving Though this' is a harsh name to Good things to be always receiving And never to give back at all. And do not put off till to-morrow,
The thing that you ought to do nor
But first set the share in the furrow,
And then set your hand to the plea

key-hole. Pretty soon she heard her brother Mi-

ing implements do. As soon as the library is complete, the farm will begin to be a profitable investment. But book farming has its drawbacks. Upon one occasion, when it seemed morally certain that the hay ought to be cut, the hay book could not be found—and before it was Still her brother kept calling "Katy,

open the chamber door?
Katy had a pair of scissors in her hand crops of wheat in the country, but the un-favorable difference between the cost of with which she had been cutting paper producing it and its market value after it dolls. She might cut off her curls, and run away-but, O, to part with her hair, it seemed almost as bad as losing her head,

> "caught at last. Came Alice, come, Molly, come all of you—come and see Pau Pry."
> Katy's mother hastened to the door, followed by the visitor, and the children

came running up stairs to see what all thi noise was about. There stood poor Katy, ready to sink through the floor with mortification. "Go to your room," said her mother, "and I will come to you presently, and you, children, run back to your play again." If Katy was mortified to be caught

eavesdrooping, she was still more so when her mother told her that the lady wished to speak to her privately because she was planning a pic-nic at Beaver Pond, which she intended should be a pleasant surprise to her niece, Molly Gibbs, and to Katy. She had chosen Wednesday afternoon for it, because there would be no school. Katy was allowed to go to the pic-nic, but it afforded her very little pleasure. It had been necessary to sacrifice all her curls to match the side she had disfigured, and this was a constant reminder of her it was recalled by Michael, who would lay his hand on her shorn locks, and remark,

"Sly Reynard lost his tail in the trap. Youth's Companion. "The One that Watches the Sheep Will

Win the Wool." AT a large manufactory of jewelry in New Jersey two young men were once working in the same room and carning equal wages. A foreman being required for that department one of the two received the appointment. Six months after he rose to be foreman of the whole factory. While he was holding this positio one of the two membors of the firm sud-denly died, and the remaining partner, soon finding the cares of sole proprietor-ship too heavy, called his young foreman to a partnership in the business. Only three months afterward his unexpected death left sole owner and manager the death left sole owner and manager the young man only eighteen mouths before a humble journeyman. His former workfellow still toils at the same table, a journeyman still, envying his fortunate shopmate, and cursing his own "miserable luck."

Yet, in fact, "luck" had nothing to do with it. The different fortunate in the same table.

with it. The different fortunes of the two men are fully accounted for by their characters. Both were strictly sober, skillful, and industrious. But one was weatchful of his employers' interest, the other careless. One was in the habit of leaving work a day as often as he observed.